Stew. Madame within, but neuer man ſo chang'd, I told him of the army that was landed, he ſmild at it, I told him you were coming, his anſwere was the worſe, of *Gloſters* treacherie, and of the loyall ſeruice of his ſonne when I enform'd him, then hee cald me ſott, and told me I had turnd the wrong ſide out, what hee ſhould moſt deſire ſeemes pleaſant to him, what like offenſiue.

Gon. Then ſhall you goe no further,
It is the cowiſh terrer of his ſpirit
That dares not vndertake, hele not feele wrongs
Which tie him to an anſwere, our wiſhes on the way
May proue effects, backe *Edgar* to my brother,
Haſten his muſters, and conduct his powers
I muſt change armes at home, and giue the diſtaffe
Into my husbands hands, this truſty ſeruant
Shall paſſe betweene vs, ere long you are like to heare
If you dare venture in your owne behalfe
A miſtreſſes command, weare this, ſpare ſpeech,
Decline your head: this kiſſe if it durſt ſpeake
Would ſtretch thy ſpirits vp into the ayre,
Conceaue and far you well.

Baſt. Yours in the ranks of death. (are dew

Gon. My moſt deer *Gloſter*, to thee a womans ſeruices
A foole vſurps my bed,

Stew. Madam here comes my Lord. *Exit Stew.*

Gon. I haue beene worth the whiſtling. (rude wind

Alb. O *Gonorill*, you are not worth the duſt which the
Blowes in your face, I feare your diſpoſition
That nature which contemnes ith origin
Cannot be bordered certaine in it ſelfe,
She that her ſelfe will ſliuer and diſbranch
From her materiall ſap, perforce muſt wither,
And come to deadly vſe.

Gon. No more, the text is fooliſh.

Alb. Wiſedome and goodnes, to the vild ſeeme vild,
Filths ſauor but themſelues, what haue you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what haue you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man

Whoſe

Whoſe reuerence euen the head-lugd beare would lick.
Moſt barbarous, moſt degenerate haue you madded,
Could my good brother ſuffer you to doe it?
A man, a Prince, by him ſo benifited,
If that the heauens doe not their viſible ſpirits (come
Send quickly downe to tame this vild offences, it will
Humanity muſt perforce pray on it ſelf like monſters of

Gon. Milke liuerd man (the deepe.

That beareſt a cheeke for blows, a head for wrongs,
Who haſt not in thy browes an eye deſeruing thine honour,
From thy ſuffering, that not know'ſt, fools do thoſe vilains pitty
Who are puniſht ere they haue done their miſchiefe,
Wher's thy drum? *France* ſpreds his banners in our noyſeles land,
With plumed helme, thy ſtate begins thereat
Whil'ſt thou a morall foole ſits ſtill and cries
Alack why does he ſo?

Alb. See thy ſelfe deuill, proper deformity ſhewes not in the fiend, ſo horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vaine foole!

Alb. Thou changed, and ſelfe-couerd thing for ſhame
Be-monſter not thy feature, wer't my fitnes
To let theſe hands obay my bloud,
They are apt enough to diſlecate and teare
Thy fleſh and bones, how ere thou art a fiend,
A womans ſhape doth ſhield thee.

Gon. Marry your manhood mew----

Alb. What newes. *Enter a Gentleman.*

Gent. O my good Lord the Duke of *Cornwals* dead, ſlaine by his ſeruant, going to put out the other eye of *Gloſter*.

Alb. *Gloſters* eyes?

Gen. A ſeruant that he bred, thrald with remorſe,
Oppos'd againſt the act, bending his ſword
To his great maiſter, who threat inraged
Flew on him, and amongſt them, feld him dead,
But not without that harmefull ſtroke, which ſince
Hath pluckt him after.

Alb. This ſhewes you are aboue you Iuſtiſers,
That theſe our nether crimes ſo ſpeedely can venge.

But